The Intruder

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by clicktrack_heart

Summary

Nigel and Will meet again, sequel of sorts to Reflections.

Notes

Thank you to weconqueratdawn for editing and being so awesome. And thank you to the commenters on the first part of this, Reflections, for inspiring this part 2 thing. FYI, should definitely read part one of series before reading further.

See the end of the work for more notes

The sound of an intruder wakes Will.

His eyes open, already focusing on the dark. He wonders if he will see Randall Tier emerge from it, wearing his grinning mask of bone. But nothing happens, and after a moment he rubs at his face, clearing the last cobwebs of his nightmares. Then, he shifts his tired body from laying to sitting, rising slowly from his rumpled bed.

Some of the dogs are alert to the same sounds Will is hearing but, interestingly enough, they aren't growling. They look merely… curious. Winston circles Will's legs though, as soon as he stands. Sandy continues looking towards the hallway with interest, her tail thumping against the hardwood floor.

Something rustles in the near distance, then there comes a long creaking noise. Will maneuvers quietly to his dresser, where he keeps his smaller safe with his spare holster and handgun inside. He has it loaded in seconds.

Down the hall and several feet away, the pale light of the bathroom beckons. There are more shuffling sounds, enough to disguise Will's steps growing closer.

He pushes the door open with heel of his hand.

Nigel is sitting on the closed lid of the toilet, bottle of antiseptic in one hand. His other hand is dripping blood all over the tiled floor.

"What the hell are you doing in my house?"

"What does it fucking look like?" Nigel gestures at his arm, where he's trying to staunch the bleeding from an angry four-inch gash. A knife wound, judging by the the clean cut margins, the slight gape of skin.

Will levels the gun.

Nigel rolls his eyes. "Shit. I got in a fight."

"At the carnival?"

"No, you think I was gonna stick around there with cops crawling all over the place?"

"I didn't tell them anything about you," Will says, fingers easing slightly on the trigger of his gun. "They weren't looking for you."

"OK, so maybe they'd just mistake me for your precious Hannibal then. Shoot to kill, right?"

Right now, Nigel doesn't look that much like Hannibal. He's tired and bruised, even as he looks at Will with a sort of hopeful defiance. Will tells himself that's not why he's lowering his gun.

When Will does speak, his voice is cold and clipped.

“Not my problem.”

Nigel smirks thinly at that, sparing him a glance as he gets back to dressing his wound. “Why didn't you tell them about me anyway?”

Will's mouth quirks. “I tend to inspire the disbelief of my peers.” For a reason he can't even explain to himself, he clips the grip safety back on his gun and places it back into the holster.

Nigel raises his brows at that. “Yeah, I can believe that. I read about you.”

Will frowns. “You read Tattlecrime?”

Nigel chuckles. “I may be from Eastern Europe but I do have a smartphone. I Googled you and your boyfriend. I thought me and my ex wife were fucked up. But that serial killer shit. Fucking cutting people up and eating them like sushi. Now that’s fucking crazy.”

Will pauses, has to take a breath to stop himself from explaining the difference between crazy and what Hannibal really is. Something there's not even a word for.

“Do you really think we could be related?” Nigel asks.

“Does it matter?” Will asks dryly.

“Well, he's rich isn't he?”

“Don’t be stupid,” Will says. “Unless you want to be his next sushi platter.”

“Maybe I could take him.”

“Not the first time I’ve heard that,” Will says. But he thinks of Matthew Brown and wonders, just for a second, if he could manipulate Nigel into it. All he would have to do is set the hook with the right bait. Another hunt, another reckoning. The thought is empty, perfunctory enough to snap him back to reality.

He levels his gaze at Nigel. “Why are you here anyway? Don’t tell me it’s about Hannibal’s bank accounts. I don’t have access.”

Nigel doesn’t answer-- choosing instead to take his time wrapping the last inches of bandage around his arm. Even though he’s slow and deliberate, Will can’t help but notice how shitty of a job he’s doing, each wrap of the binding increasingly sloppy and uneven.

“You’re doing that all wrong,” Will says but he makes no movement to help.

Nigel shrugs. “My ex-wife Gabi always did this for me before.”

“Not anymore,” Will says, remembering what Nigel told him about pretty faces back at the Baltimore carnival.

“Yes,” Nigel agrees. He comes to the end of the bandage and secures it using the self attaching ends. “Not anymore.”

“Was it your fault?”

“I guess my behavior could have been better. But I never cheated if that's what you’re asking.”

“She cheated?”

Nigel's right hand clenches out a *yes* on the laminate counter of the bathroom sink.

“That must have driven you crazy.”

Nigel snorts indelicately. “I had the guy hanged and shot.”

“And Gabi?” Will asks. He’s no stranger to gruesome murders but it feels like the name gets stuck in his throat all the same.

“She’s alive. I slapped her a few times when I found out. Nothing too serious. She called me the biggest mistake of her life and said she never wanted to see me again. She meant it too.”

Nigel no longer looks at Will. His words come as if from far away.

“To be honest, to be totally fucking honest,” he says softly, “I wish I could take it back.”

“Well, you can't,” Will says, voice sharper than he intends. “You have to live with the consequences like the rest of us.”

Nigel glares at him. “And how is that going for you? I read all about you. Three people left for dead, one girl with her throat slit. How's those consequences working out?”

“You think I don't regret that? You think I don't wish I had done something differently?” Will snaps.

“Could you have?”

Could the teacup could have come together?

Will’s chest suddenly feels too tight, an invisible weight bearing heavily across his ribs.

“I could have changed everything. But I-- I wanted Hannibal to suffer.”

“Shit,” Nigel says. He pats his pocket for his pack of cigarettes, stopping abruptly at Will’s look. He shakes his head, grimacing.

“I would've forgave Gabi for fucking other men, for fucking all the fucking American tourists in Bucharest if she wanted, but she was already too far gone. She didn't want my forgiveness or anything else.”

“I can’t give you forgiveness,” Will says.

“I know that.”

“Then why are you here?”

A beat passes in silence. When Nigel does speak, there's an almost uneasy pitch to his voice. “In the funhouse-- you got under my skin.”

Will exhales.

“Normally I have the opposite effect,” he says.

Nigel’s lips twitch upwards. “Well, I did that too.”

Will feels his face warm. “We’re not doing it again.”

“Why not?” Nigel asks.

Will gives him another look.

“It might’ve been fucked up but I didn’t hurt you that badly. You liked it.”

In seconds, Will moves. He has Nigel’s arm bent at a backwards angle, pushing the other man hard into the back of the toilet. He grips the white bandage across Nigel’s forearm until blood blooms fresh beneath his fingertips.

“Don’t tell me what I liked.”

They’re close enough to kiss, close enough that Will can look right into Nigel’s eyes, see for himself how hurt Nigel really is-- how Will is hurting him. Shadows purple high on his cheeks, beads of perspiration stand out against his upper lip. Will knows if he pushes just a little harder he’ll be able to hear him scream.

“Your cut is really bad,” Will says instead, fighting to calm his breathing. “You need stitches.”

“How about you take my mind off of it instead?” Nigel asks. His lips barely move his teeth are clenched so tightly.

Will looks down at his hand on Nigel’s arm, his fingers wet with Nigel’s blood. He doesn’t move away, even as his stomach twists.

“How long has it been since someone did something nice for you?” Nigel asks. “Since someone took care of your wounds?”

“It certainly wasn’t when you left me in the funhouse.”

“You see any belts this time?”

Will shakes his head.

“C’mon then, use me. Like I used you.”

“Just stop talking,” Will says. He lets Nigel’s bloody arm drop but all Nigel does is look at him with a deep frown.

Will takes a deep breath, trying to gather errant thoughts. The bathroom is too small, too suffocating. His fingers press into his face, smearing Nigel’s cooling blood on his skin like strokes of paint. Without warning, something hot and urgent rolls through him.

He lowers his hands, stares at Nigel again, this time assessing.

“Take your shirt off. I want to see you this time.”

Nigel licks his lips and does as he’s told.

Will looks. Nigel is built, but *stringier* than Hannibal. He’s surprised that the display of tattoos seem to have stopped at his arms and neck. His chest is bare, save for the long, thick scar down the side of his abdomen.

Will finds that he has nothing to compare the sight to. For all of their strange intimacies, he never saw Hannibal without his shirt. The thought now leaves a bitter taste in his mouth.

“Kneel,” he says.

Nigel narrows his eyes but his knees bend to the tiled floor. He moves away from the toilet so his back is against the faded counter beneath the sink. Nigel looks at him warily, like an animal backed into a corner, and Will likes how that feels, dangerous in a way he has been craving, ever since the carnival. Ever since Hannibal touched his face and slid a cold knife into his belly.

Will takes stock of himself, his half hard dick, his breath coming faster and faster.

“Now what?” Nigel asks impatiently.

Will very carefully reaches forward and tilts Nigel’s head up with one hand, tracing his mouth with the other. Then he sticks two of his fingers inside, past teeth and tongue. It's warm and wet and Nigel chokes a little.

“Quiet,” he murmurs. He thrusts his fingers in and out a few times, watching Nigel’s lips stretch around him, feeling himself get harder, pressing too tight on his pajama pants.

He tugs down his pants, letting them sag to mid thigh before he tugs Nigel’s head to his cock. For as macho as Nigel likes to act, he seems to have no problems with Will’s crude guidance now.

Will’s head falls back as Nigel moves forward-- sucking his cock deep. The slick heat of his mouth seems to swallow him, making his hips move faster than he would've allowed with another partner. It’s not long before he’s thrusting forward, one hand curled tight round the back of Nigel’s neck.

He looks down to see Nigel has unzipped his pants. His cock is out, leaking freely beneath the frantic movement of his hand.

“I didn’t say you could do that,” Will says, even as Nigel takes him deeper into his mouth. Will moans, fingers squeezing uselessly at the nape of Nigel's neck.

When Nigel pulls away, his breath shudders warm against Will’s flesh. His tongue swipes pink over his wide lips. “You gonna stop me?”

Will thinks about digging his nails into Nigel’s arm again, dragging blunt fingers through severed layers of fat and muscle. In the end all he does is pull Nigel back to his cock, thumbs stroking against the roughened line of his jaw. This time Nigel sucks Will even more aggressively, cheeks hollowing so tight that Will can see his dick pressing against the inside of his cheeks.

Under the lone bulb of light, Nigel's face thins to shadow, as fine boned as a skull.

Will whimpers, control fraying. The lewd sounds of Nigel's mouth slips into the crooks of his brain like Hannibal's voice once did. He knows he won't last long. Nigel keeps rubbing himself, even as Will tries to fuck the back of his throat.

He comes hard, clutching at Nigel’s ears, his oily hair. His mind goes blissfully quiet, barely noticing Nigel’s face wrinkle in distaste as he swallows Will's semen.

Will stands over him, panting, holding on to the wall for support as Nigel fists his dick. He feels insubstantial and weightless, unable to stop him, or worse, help him.

Nigel comes almost silently, all bared teeth as his cock spurts across his navel. Neither of them speak or move for a long moment.

Their breaths even out slowly, fading to heavy silence.

Then Nigel sighs, moving away from Will but not standing. He uses rumpled toilet paper to wipe off his own come. Finally, Will fumbles with his pants, suddenly remembering his gun in its holster. It needs to go in the safe again. He has a feeling Nigel wouldn’t use it against him at this point, but he doesn’t want to take the risk of him stealing it either.

Will hesitates, looking at Nigel who seems as unsure as he does about what happens next. But Will knows he has nowhere to go and he doesn’t want to turn him out.

“You can stay in the guest room upstairs if you want. Just for tonight.”

There's no way in hell he's leaving Nigel alone with his dogs.

Nigel pauses, letting Will’s words sink in. He nods his head. “Okay.”

~~*~*~

Sometime in the pale light of morning Will is stirred by sound again.

He opens his eyes to Nigel coming down the stairs, battered work boots in one hand. Will watches him without speaking.

The strong line of Nigel’s shoulders, the familiar curve of his face, makes Will ache from his lips to his belly.

He almost wishes Nigel wouldn't go. But he says nothing, turning his head away as the other man shuffles to the front door quieter than the way he came.

It’s hours later when Will finally eases out of bed. His head throbs with the beginning of a migraine, lack of food or water the most likely culprit. But his dogs need to go out and it’s easier to put them first. He dresses quickly, grabbing leashes as he hustles the dogs.

They rush out the door all at once, tails wagging in a furry wave. Will smiles a little at that--it fades only when he notices the pool of blood at the bottom of the stairs.

End Notes

Thanks for reading!

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